

My Father's Body

Over the Rhine

My father's body lies beneath the snow
High on a hill in Holmes County, Ohio
From there you can look out across the fields
A farmer guides his horses home as day to darkness bends
And finally yieldsDad's gravestone holds the words Be Still My Soul
A song we sang together long ago
And there were times we even shared one hymnbook
His right hand and my left hand side-by-side holding pages
Of musicBut now his hands hold nothing but the earth
Hands that held me moments after my birth
And so we must all finally surrender
As we release our grip upon whatever we hold dear
And call familiarMy father's body lies beneath the snow
And I'm still learning how to let him go
I've come to know him better since he's gone
And often wondered if or how I could've been a different
Better son

Songwriters

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